

RURAL REPOSITORY.

VOL. I.

HUDSON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1825.

No. 18

" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

AN AMERICAN TALE.

The memorable campaign had commenced, which ended in the capture of the British army, and emancipated these United States from the mother country. Cornwallis, Leslie, and Phillips, were concentrating their forces to subjugate Virginia; while La Fayette, the honoured friend of America, was straining every nerve to save the country, whose cause he had so heartily and generously espoused, from the hand of the spoiler.

These dreadful notes of preparation reached even to the quiet shades of Indian Spring Valley. Langhorne did not wish to hear them; but they would be heard; and his devotion to the fair Quaker was soon put to bitter proof. A few of Basil's neighbours assembled to pay their respects to the friends who had taken refuge at his house, on the invasion of the British; and, as "To arms! To arms!" was not more the cry of belted warrior, than of rustic swain, of high born lady, than of country maid; this little party breathed nothing but defiance to the foe. A lively girl, after several sly hints that the Captain was quite recovered of his wound, completed the *bandage* indulged by singing the following couplets, from a song which had just then made its appearance:

" While all around
We hear no sound
But War's terrific strain,
The drum demands
Our patriot bands,
And chides each tardy swain.

Our country's call
Arouses all
Who dare be brave and free:
My love shall crown
That youth alone,
Who saves himself and me."

" Captain Langhorne has left the service, Miss Bell," said a young volunteer, with a cockade in his hat as big as a pancake.—" He is done with these matters; but, if a poor ensign might serve the turn, I know one who will stand a shot for you; and now I think of it, I saw Colonel Monroe yesterday—he sent his compliments to you, Captain."

" I am to join Mercer's troop to-morrow," said another, " if the captain has any commands for him."

Alexander did not eye the physician more

eagerly, than did Nancy Noland and Basil the poor Captain.

" He minds not these silly worldlings," thought Nancy.

" He is but a lost man, if he does," thought Basil, " so far as regards his love at least."

Langhorne's countenance indicated nothing that could lead them to suppose he would leave his mistress: and the fair damsels, who only waited to reward their hardy deeds until they should have performed them, took their leave.

A severe trial now awaited him. The young company had scarcely departed, when a trooper gaily caparisoned, mounted on a superb charger, and armed to the teeth, alighted at the door, and inquired for Captain Langhorne.

Langhorne had just renewed his solicitations to Nancy for their immediate marriage; and had used so many arguments in favour of it, that with real modesty, but with unbounded affection, she suffered him to prevail, and the next day but one was fixed for the performance of the ceremony. Such was the situation of the young lovers, when the Captain was summoned to attend the soldier, who after making the military obeisance, handed him the following letter:

" I am delighted to hear, my dear Langhorne, that your foot is again in the stirrup. I write from your own house, where I have this moment called, expecting, not having seen or heard from you, to find you still on your back.

" I am glad you resigned the commission you held. It makes way for the appointment in Weedon's brigade, which I now send you, at his request. I saw yesterday your friend Simmonds. The fellow out of cold blood and false heart, refuses to turn out. He pestered me with some bald, disjointed chat, about your turning Quaker. I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for having listened one moment to such a dish of skimmed milk. See to have his horse pressed as you come along.

" But, my good friend, what has taken you to Indian Spring Valley, at this bustling time. Surely you have no hopes of bringing the broad brim of its owner into the field, though some of your men, who were with you in the affair at old Noland's tell me Basil is a stout fellow and brave, and I shall not be surprised to see him in a steel cap.—These times would rouse the heart of a Leverot. You may be surprised to find me in the saddle again. But

General —— has removed all my scruples on the subject of the Monmouth affair; and indeed, what scruples of honour, conscience or religion can exist on this subject, when the foot of the merciless invader presses the soil which gave us birth? Adieu. You will have a noble parcel of fellows to command. Even now they stand "like grey hounds in the slips, straining upon the start." You are not the man to let their mettle cool.

"Expecting to see you in three days at farthest, I am, dear Langhorne, yours.

"P. S. I had given my letter, (I open it to add this) to my orderly with directions to find you immediately, when some surmises, which have reached my ear, induce me to request you will meet me to-morrow, at the place Johnson will mention to you. Langhorne, as you value your honour and my friendship, meet me!"

"Will you take some refreshment, and have your horse fed?" said Langhorne, with an air of abstraction and indecision.

"My orders," said the trooper, "were to return instantly, with your honour's answer. The Colonel will be at the Buck Tavern at twelve precisely. Will your honour meet him there at that hour?"

Langhorne started as he felt Nancy's hand on his arm. "May I see the letter," she said, in the soothing accents of love and friendship, "which appeared to give thee so much concern?"

"I can scarcely wish as yet," he replied in much confusion, "that you should see it—that is, until I make up my mind as to what answer to make it. The vile British, Nancy, as you know, are pouring into our states in every direction, and I am written to, by a highly esteemed and long valued friend."

"To come and imbrue thy hands again in their blood," said she, interrupting him—"and thou wilt go—yes, Charles; I see it in thy flushed cheek and agitated voice—yes, thou wilt go. Oh infirm of purpose! Why didst thou dissemble with a poor forlorn girl, who has so few friends in this world? She can little afford to recal her fondest affections from one so valued—so—"

He was about to renew his protestations of sincerity, and his abhorrence of the practice of war, when he was interrupted by the trooper.

"I await your honour's commands. My orders were to despatch and return."

"One moment, my good fellow," said Langhorne, "Nancy, I will meet my friend, and so fully satisfy him that I cannot with honour join the brigade, that—"

"Thou canst not, without dishonour," returned she, "refuse to join it, according to his, and then I fear, thy view of the subject; Charles, though thou go out from among us—"

"But I have not as yet," said Langhorne, "determined to go."

"If thou hast one doubt on the subject," said she, "thou hast deceived me"—and she entered the house and retired to her room.

Willing to be offended at her abrupt manner, Langhorne seized the opportunity which this momentary scene of displeasure afforded him to tell the trooper, that he would meet his friend Colonel —— at the time and place appointed.

"Charles Langhorne," said Basil at breakfast the next morning, "has gone to meet a friend on business of importance, and will return at six o'clock this evening at farthest."

"Did he leave a letter," said Nancy, endeavouring to speak with composure.

"No letter," was the answer, "but a positive assurance of speedy return."

From motives of true delicacy and real feeling, Basil absented himself from the house during the greater part of the day, and Nancy was left alone. "How expectation and uncertainty lead the wings of Time," repeated the poor girl, as she wandered from room to room; "and yet why should I wish the time to arrive in which I can no longer live."

The clock after a long, long day, struck six.

"I will neither be untrue or unkind," she said as she turned her eyes from the road as she heard the sound of the departed hour—"I will for his sake, suffer myself to hope one hour longer; and then—oh, then," she exclaimed clasping her hands, "I must remember him only in my prayers."

The hour passed—the night closed in, and Nancy Noland with a convulsive shiver, resigned the hope of ever again meeting Charles Langhorne. At the very moment she was endeavouring to bear as became her, the afflictive dispensation, a horseman was heard rapidly to approach. "O how I wronged him," she exclaimed, as she sprang forward to meet—not Langhorne, but his servant bearing a letter. It appeared to have been written in a moment of great agitation arising from the conflict which raged within him between his love and his sense of honour and duty.

It contained assurance of his inviolable attachment, his unbounded love, but ended with the information that such an appeal had been made to him, that she herself, in the event of his refusal to arm in defence of his country, must have despised him.

"It is my deserved reward," said Nancy; "it is only my deserved reward, for going out from among my people. On what a sandy foundation did I build. He! he one of God's converts! No, no—he was one of *my* converts. Never, oh! never let her look for happiness who depends on that change which is effected in the habits and disposition of a lover, by other means than by the sanctioning influence of the Holy Spirit leading into all truth. Least of all, let her trust to the evanescent power of her own charms."

Nothing could exceed the delicate manner in which Basil Roberts bore himself under these trying circumstances, towards his fair guest, or the considerate regard which he paid to her feelings.

Several weeks passed away, and though the country rang with the clash of arms, he cautiously avoided any mention of the numerous reports, which daily reached him, concerning the operation of the contending forces. But this silence could no longer be preserved. The storm of war, was rolling onward, and the thunder which had hitherto growled at a distance, was now about to burst over Indian Spring Valley.

"We must remove to our Aunt Betsey's" said Basil; "she lives in an-out-of-the-way corner; and, as her house is large withal, I think we will even venture upon her—A small body of horse were perceived, even as Basil was speaking, to march over the brow of the hill; and Nancy, vanquishing all reluctance to brave the inhospitable Aunt, proposed their instant departure.

This retreat had been selected by many inhabitants of the valley; and when Basil and Nancy arrived, they found, to their astonishment and regret, the old lady's house already crowded. Little reason had the persons who sought refuge in this secluded spot to congratulate themselves fortunate in their search for a place of safety; for, contrary to all calculation on the subject, it proved to be in the very line of the American army's march, and the British were pressing warmly on their heels.

Removal, however, until the following morning was deemed inexpedient, and as the young females, for of such the party was chiefly composed, were sitting round the dimly lighted and every way uncomfortable room—the sudden rush of horses feet was heard. The riders halted at the door—and ere the terrified and screaming damsels could escape from their seats amid the jingling of spurs—the heavy tramp of horsemen's boots—the trundling of swords and words of *menage* to the horses at the door, an officer entered, and requested in a polite manner, that accommodation for the night might be afforded the Marquis de La Fayette.

Terror of the British gave instant place to the most intense curiosity to see the great Friend of America, and even the lively sallies and fine compliments of an elegant young Frenchman, who had immediately followed the officer, could not subdue the impatience to see him enter. He had amused the girls greatly by his answers to their inquiries.—What sort of a man was a Marquis? when (in the midst of a keen encounter of wits between him and the young lady we have mentioned as Miss Bell) a trumpet was sounded; and an officer of distinction, well known in that district, stepped hastily up to the young

Lord Marquis, that is Langhorne, and he has done the deed—made clean work of it, my Lord—cut up the whole party, to a man; at least, so says his orderly."

"Ah! mon cher Langhorne, j'étais sur que vens le feriez dans une maniere comme il faut."

"You may indeed say that, my Lord: after such a march too—fell in with them about 4 this afternoon, dash'd at them at once, and made root and branch work of it, I warrant. Johnson says the whole detachment was cut to ribbons in less than half an hour; but see my Lord, here is the man himself."

Miss Bell had not ceased her exclamations of surprise, terror, and delight, at the idea of freedom she had used with the great Marquis, when Charles Langhorne entered.

"Oh Miss Nancy!" she said, "see there is another instance of my imprudence. The last time I saw that gentleman, to think how I dared to jeer him about his resignation, and now my stars and garters! only look at him—see how composed he looks as he is telling how he kill'd the English, and seems to think no more of it than if they had been so many wood-cocks, and then the great Marquis so well pleased, shaking and squeezing his hand at every word, and the officers all in such glee at the news. Do but look Miss Ann Noland, do, bless you now, look if you ever saw any thing so interesting. He has told what he had to say, and has flung his horseman's cap on the table, and now he leans against the wall, one hand resting on his monstrous sword.—Don't he seem almost spent? What can make him so melancholy though?"

The garrulous young lady might have saved her breath. Nancy Noland saw it all, and that which drew every eye on her lover with feelings of admiration and respect, filled her with horror and unutterable regret.

"Oh!" she cried in the bitterness of her heart, "how, with all this combination against him, can he fail to love the praise of men more than the praise of God—and, alas! at what a price does he purchase it!"

The success which had attended the enterprise entrusted to Langhorne still engaged the attention and conversation of the officers, when the Marquis taking him aside, asked him if he would not think him very unreasonably exacting, if he required him to undertake another most important service on the following morning.

"You, of all men, my lord Marquis," said Langhorne, "can never ask, what an American should not, at least, try to perform—you, to whom we owe such a boundless debt of gratitude. Still less, my lord, should we be backward to perform that duty to ourselves, which you are ever so ready to engage in for us."

"And for myself," said the Marquis, solemnly, "and for myself. The victorious

Americans will achieve the glorious adventure in which they have engaged, their toils—their liberty will be secured. But Langhorne, my poor oppressed country—what will be her fate in the great struggle which I foresee she will e'er long make for freedom—

“Alas! I fear the arm of the oppressor will prove in the end, too strong for her. Yes my friend, I am fighting in my own cause and happily, when weary with the storms of fate, and sick with witnessing evils which I cannot cure, I will return to this my adopted country, and lay my aged bones among you.”

“And when you do return,” said Langhorne, “you will be received with a shout of such joyous welcome, as will cause you to forget you were not born in a land which is so truly yours.”

The Marquis demanded the attention of his officers, and they left the room; nor did Langhorne know he had been in the presence of Nancy Noland.

The correct information which Basil had not an opportunity of acquiring, as to the probable scene of contest and disturbance, determined him to return to Indian Spring Valley, as the safest retreat. He therefore set out early on the following morning, with Nancy, and the greater part of the young company, assembled at aunt Betsey’s.

They had reached a hill commanding a view of a bridge which they had been cautioned to attempt to gain at an early hour, when they found they were too late; a party of the British were in possession; for, by means of it, a considerable detachment of their army was that day to pass the river.

Basil and his division of non-combatants were about to retrace their steps, when a body of horse passed them at full speed. On gaining the brow of the hill, and perceiving the enemy the trumpet sounded, and they rushed down on the charge.

This was a scene from which it was impossible that Basil and his party could turn their eyes; and they watched the event with feelings which can be more easily imagined than described.

The British on the first appearance of the horse, had thrown themselves into a hollow square, for the ground being entirely open at the bridge, there was nothing to prevent their being surrounded. The attacking party had advanced almost on the point of their bayonets ere they fired. For some moments the whole contest was concealed from the view of the persons on the hill. At length, horses without riders ran from the spot—as the smoke rolled away in volumes, it was all one wide scene of confusion—the gleam of the flashing broadswords was first seen—then men, horses, muskets, bayonets, all mingled together. Shouts and shrieks were heard:—and after an agonizing suspense of ten minutes, all was hushed. The bridge was fired—the British

stretched on the plain. Pressing on at the head of his troops, Nancy had recognized Charles Langhorne. The battle was over, our countrymen victorious, and our little party, pacific as it was, shared in the joy of the conquerors. Alas! they were also deeply to share in their sorrows.

“I will but hear that he survives,” said Nancy—“only tell me so much—I wish to hear nothing of his glory, as you call it.”—Basil, who had returned from the bloody spot, only replied by desiring her to be composed.

“He is not killed,” cried Nancy, with a shriek that thrilled through every heart. “If there is one spark of life I will go to him, I will not be stayed.”

“It cannot avail,” said Basil, with the deepest emotion—“he is gone.”

“I was not prepared,” said Nancy—“I was not”—her utterance was impeded: after an ineffectual attempt to articulate, her eyes closed, and she lost in insensibility the present scene of anguish.

Little remains to be said—Nancy had but one friend—that friend was undeviatingly true to her. For months he respected her sorrows and yielded all his wishes to her feelings. She had lost her lover, but she valued her friend; and in due time saw fit to reward his constancy; she married Basil Roberts, with a full understanding that she would never forget Charles Langhorne.

FROM THE EMPORIUM.

EDWARD AND AMELIA.

Nature seems to have reserved for herself certain spots in the earth, which she has adorned in the most fanciful manner. Her grots formed by the side of some meandering streams, defy the Sculptor’s art, and her romantic scenes, can ne’er be equalled by the Painter’s hand. In a cot by the side of a flowing rivulet, whose shaded door, enticed the passer by, and whose front obscured from the view, by the growing ivy always attracted the eye of the travellers, lived the fair Amelia; and many viewed her sitting at this, her aged Father’s door, solacing his last and widowed days, with the kind accents of her tuneful voice, her eyes beamed upon the traveller, as he alighted from his steed, with a sweetness not to be expressed, her hand stretched out the cup that refreshed his spirits, containing the pure liquid that flowed from the mount, sweeter than the nectar of the immortals, clearer than the chrysal rocks.

Her rambles were pleasant, and when her parent was locked in sleep, and in Morpheus’ arms forgot the troubles of his life she would prance along the vales or trip upon the mount, and when the top was reached, the view would attract her eyes, and fill her bosom with joy, transient as the fleeting breeze. She fancied oft she saw her lover’s ship, skimming the

cerulean waves, and that he was in her arms, and would clasp them together as if to detain him ; and ere the shadow vanished from her eyes, the western gilded sky, would warn her of her father, and of his waking hours. As she was tripping along, her wonted composure returned to her mind, which the present scenes had ruffled. On entering the cot, she found her father sitting in his chair, (for his sleeping moments had been few,) waiting her return with tears flowing on his wrinkled visage, and accents calculated to soothe him, flowed from her coral lips ; but it would not do. He said ; " my child many a pensive hour since thy mother's death, have I spent weeping for thee, my tears have been concealed, my sighs have not before this escaped my heaving bosom, for fear of giving a pang to thee ; my thoughts e'er thou reached the cot this eve, have been engaged on thee—I soon must die—my soul must soon take its airy flight to mansions in the skies, and when this shall be, (it must be soon,) who will cheer my lonely daughter, my daughter, O my daughter." Tears choked his utterance, and the bosom of the fair Amelia, the darling of his heart, heaved in silent emotion ; again he said " Thy Edward was a soldier of Liberty, thy brave and gallant Edward, I have just been told—has perished on the ocean—if he lived I would resign my soul to heaven, for he would die to serve thee."

A silence like that of death reigned for a moment in the cot, Amelia's throbbing heart plaintly told her anguish, and with her lovely face hidden in his hands, presented a figure enough to move the stoutest heart. Overcome at last, she sunk upon her chair, and fell lifeless ; the house was all in mourning, the aged servant, (the only one in the house,) came and raised her ; at last she was revived, and opening her cerulean eyes cried, " My Edward, O my Edward, thou hast fallen in a foreign clime, the sea thy grave, thy deeds thy elegy, no friends were near thee" Tears flowed to her relief, but a fever came upon her, and for some days she could not raise her head.

Her father watched by her side incessantly when one morn e'er the sun had gilded the eastern sky, and while her father was listening to her words spoken in a delirium, a soft tap was heard at the door, which roused him from his meditations, and who should enter but Edward—he flew to the bedside ; Amelia opened her eyes and saw him, she shrieked and fainted ; he in a paroxysm of grief, endeavored to revive her ; at last when life returned, she cried, " Is it so, Edward, hast thou returned ? 'Tis not a dream, 'tis Edward." Her frame received in a moment more energy ; he taking her hand, white as the driven snow, exclaimed, " I have returned, the battle has been gained, the enemy conquered, and many a brave and gallant soldier, gasped his last be-

side me ; I stood the battle and victor off I came ; no more to leave my lovely, fair Amelia."

Day after day rolled on, and Edward with the father of his beloved, saw Amelia recovering rapidly. The day was fixed for marriage, and her father had given his blessing when o'erpowered by disease, he was taken to his bed, but none of his former fears troubled him, he died, saying, " Beloved pair, weep not for me, I die in peace in joy."—He was honored by the neighbouring village, and many a far fetched sigh, told the sorrow of the mournful followers. His grave was under the willow, where oft he sat, admiring the beauties of nature, which surrounded his cot. And a simple stone told the passer by his tale.—Edward and the lovely Amelia were joined, and several pledges of their love, now bring to remembrance their juvenile years, and contribute to enliven their winter fire-side by their cheerful glee.

Princeton N. J.

B—

BIOGRAPHY.

"Of man, what see we but his station here."

MEMOIRS OF EDWARD ALLEYN.

Edward Alleyn, the celebrated comedian, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, was born in London on the first of September, 1566, of respectable parents. He was the contemporary of Shakspeare, and was an original actor in some of his inimitable plays. He was in most intimate habits with our immortal poet, as well as with Ben Johnson. They used frequently to spend their evenings together at the Globe, in company with a few other congenial spirits. A letter from one of the club is still preserved, which contains a curious anecdote, and shows the estimation in which Alleyn was held by his contemporaries. I shall give an extract, without adhering to the orthography :—" I never longed for thy company more than last night ; we were all very merry at the Globe, when Ned Alleyn did not scruple to affirm pleasantly to thy friend Will (Shakspeare,) that he had stolen his speech about the quality of an actor's excellency in Hamlet, his tragedy, from conversations manifold which had passed between them, and opinions given by Alleyn, touching the subject. Shakspeare did not take the talk in good sort ; but Johnson put an end to the strife, with wittingly remarking : " This affair needeth no contention ; you stole it from Ned, no doubt ; do not marvel ; have you not seen him act times out of number ?" Alleyn was indeed the Garrick of his day : and is equally celebrated with that famous actor, for versatile genius, corporal agility, lively temper, and fluent elocution. They also resembled each other in another respect, in which they differ

from most of their professional brethren,—I mean, ‘prudent economy.’ Playing seems to have been no bad trade in Alleyn’s time ; for he left a large fortune, which he devoted chiefly to charitable uses. It must, however, be remembered, that Alleyn was the proprietor of a theatre as well as an actor, and that he had the direction of another ‘fashionable’ amusement in those days, viz. The King’s Bear Garden, which is said to have produced to him a clear profit of 500*l* a year ; a pretty decisive proof, that we do not exceed our ancestors, so far as might be imagined, either in folly or extravagance. Alleyn, overflowing with riches, and satiated with public fame, prepared to close the scene with some eclat. For this purpose, he founded an hospital at Dulwich in Surrey. This building was executed after a plan by the celebrated Inigo Jones, who is one of the witnesses to the deed of settlement ; it is commonly known by the name of Dulwich College ; the institution still continues to flourish. Alleyn expended about 10,000*l* on the building, and that it might be suitably supported, he appropriated lands to the amount of 800*l* a year, for the maintenance of one master, one warden, and four fellows. The master and warden were always to be of the name of Alleyn or Allen. Six poor men, and as many women, were to be supported in this hospital ; besides twelve poor boys, who were to be educated in good literature, till the age of fourteen or sixteen ; and then put out to honest trades and callings. Alleyn was only forty-eight years of age when he made this endowment, and he took care to see it carried into effect under his own eye. But what is still more extraordinary, after the hospital was completed, he was so pleased with the institution that he resolved to be himself one of the first pensioners. Accordingly during the remainder of his life, he conformed strictly to the rules of the house, and appeared perfectly satisfied with the allowance which his bounty had made for the indigent. Along with this apparent mortification, he still displayed a laudable attention to his temporal interest ; and either for his own gratification, or with a view to the public good, he continued, even after his establishment in the hospital, to draw considerable profits as a manager of the theatre. Besides Dulwich College he founded several alms-houses in London and Southwark, with competent provision. This singular character died 25th November, 1626, and is buried in the Chapel of his own College at Dulwich.

MISCELLANEOUS.

“ Variety we still pursue,
“ In pleasure seek for something new.”

A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

A lady walking across the fields in the neighbourhood of Islington, observed two very sus-

picious fellows who seemed watching an opportunity to rob her. Her alarm was increased by observing a fellow of a similar appearance in a pathway at a little distance from her ; but, as the case did not admit of hesitation, she beckoned him to stop, and addressed him with an air of confidence :—“ Sir, you look like a gentleman ; I do not like the appearance of these fellows behind us,—I think they intend to rob me.” “ Madam,” replied the man, “ take my arm, and I will attend you until you are quite out of danger. You will see when I wave my handkerchief, the two men will sheer off ; they are my companions, and we intended to rob you ; but when confidence is reposed in me, I am not scoundrel enough to betray it.” He attended her until he came in sight of her own house, when she offered him a guinea as a reward for his protection ; but he refused it, adding, he hoped he had more honour left than to sink his character to the level of a lawyer’s. “ I am above taking a fee.”

—

FROM THE CLARKSBURGH INTELLIGENCER.

THE EPITAPH,

Or the Indian Poet and Farmer Keazel.

A country farmer by the name of Keazel, residing in the state of Ohio, being desirous of having his epitaph prepared before his death (though in good health) sent a message to a celebrated Indian Poet, then passing through that part of the country, requested him to come and tarry all night with him and compose his epitaph—for which he offered to give the Indian his supper, breakfast and bitters ; to these proposals he very readily agreed.

Supper was no sooner over, and things somewhat adjusted, than Keazel began to urge the poet for his epitaph, as he was anxious to hear what it would be—the Indian replied, that he would pay as he went—he had got his supper and drink, and would make one half of the epitaph. Thus he began—

“ There was a man who died of late,
For whom angels did impatient wait,
With outstretched arms, and wings of love
To waft him to the realms above.”

Keazel was so well pleased with this part, that he sent off early next morning to collect in some of his neighbors, that they might hear his beautiful epitaph, making no doubt but the latter part would terminate as happily for him, as the preceding seemed so clearly to forebode. The cunning poet having got his breakfast and bitters, shouldered his knapsack ; and put himself in a posture for starting, pretending to have forgotten all about the epitaph ; however Keazel soon reminded him of his duty. It was now a matter of great importance to him to have the epitaph finished, as the poet had almost raised him into the arms of angels, and only wanted another impulse to land him in a state of felicity, beyond the reach of all his enemies. His neighbors, too, were

waiting with great impatience, to hear the beautiful inscription. Aye, sure enough, said the semi-delinquent. I had like to have entirely forgotten your epitaph Mr. Keazel— Well Sir, since your neighbors have not heard any part of it, as yet, perhaps I had as well repeat the first part over again.—Do so, if you please replied Keazel with anxious expectations. Well then, said the Indian poet, standing in the door, and leaning on his staff—

“There was a man, who died of late,
For whom angels did impatient wait,
With outstretched arms, and wings of love
To waft him to the realms above—
But while they disputed for the prize,
Still hovering round the lower skies,
In slip'd the Devil like a Weazel,
And down to hell he kicked old Keazel.”

Thus finished, he took to his heels and old Keazel close after him with his cane, but being unable to overtake the Indian, he returned to share the sympathising of his neighbours, who were all in a roar of laughter.

Some robbers having broken into a gentleman's house, went to the footman's bed and told him, if he moved he was a dead man. “That's a lie,” cried the fellow, “if I move I'm sure I'm alive.”

A jack tar just returning from sea, met his old messmate Bet Blowsy. He was so overjoyed, that he determined to commit matrimony; but at the altar the parson demurred, as there was not cash enough between them to pay the fees; on which Jack thrusting a few shillings into his cassock, exclaimed, “Never mind, brother, marry us as far as it will go.”

A Quaker's Letter to his Watchmaker.

I herewith send thee my pocket clock, which greatly standeth in need of thy friendly correction: the last time he was at thy friendly school, he was no ways reformed, nor even in the least benefitted thereby: for I perceive by the index of his mind, that he is a liar and the truth is not in him: that his motions are wavering and irregular: that his impulses are sometimes very quick, which betoken not an even temper; at other times it waxeth sluggish, (notwithstanding I frequently urge him.) that when he should be on his duty, as thou knowest his usual name denoteth, I find him slumbering or sleeping—or as the vanity of human reason phraseth it, I catch him napping—Hence I am induced to believe he is not right in the inward man. Examine him therefore, and prove him I beseech thee, thoroughly, that thou mayest, by being well acquainted with his inward frame and disposition, draw him from the errors of his ways, and show him the path wherein he should go. And when thou layest thy correcting hand upon him, let it be without passion, lest thou drive him to destruction. Do thou regulate his motion for the time to come, by the light that ruleth the day; and

let him learn from that unerring guide, the time, calculation of his table and education, and when thou findest him converted from the errors of his ways, and more conformable to the above mentioned rules, then do thou send him home with a just bill of charges, drawn out by the spirit of moderation, and it shall be sent in the root of evil to thee.

A nobleman of England once advertised for an English servant. Pat hearing of this applied for the situation. On being questioned of what country he was, he replied “an Englishman to be sure.” And where was you born? “In Dublin surely,” said Pat. Born in Dublin, replied the nobleman, and an Englishman—how can that be? “Why please you honor,” said Pat, “'spose a man is born in a stable, is that any *raison* he should be a horse?”

In a recent duel between two *Barristers*, one of them shot away the *skirt* of the other's coat. His second observing the truth of his aim, declared, that had his friend been engaged with a *client*, he would probably have *hit his pocket*.

The following is an extract from a **VERY FEELING** address of a gentleman to a lady. To purchase such an admirer a “world of diamonds” would be cheap indeed.

“In the inexhaustible infinitude of thy beauteous perfections, suffer thy most passionate admirer one celestial smile on thy nectarious lips. Pardon him, most enchanting of the sex, if in the transporting paroxysms of seraphic admiration, he does one day *hope* for one electric kiss on those cherubic corals, to lull his soul into a sweet delirium of agonizing ecstasy. O most egregiously benignant angel! to fix a value to the smallest hair of thy translucent head, would be to estimate a world of diamonds; but to delineate thy *beauty* would be to paint a heaven which we never saw, and to talk a language that we never knew.”

SUMMARY.

A gentleman, connected with one of the Departments at Washington, has lately discovered a mass of documents concerning Captain John Paul Jones, of a very interesting nature, and tending to exhibit his character in a new light.

A machine for drilling rocks has been invented at Roxbury, (Mass.) by which a boy may drill as much in one day as three men can do in the same time, in the usual mode of drilling.

MARRIED,

At Hillsdale, on the 19th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Benedict, Mr. ANDREW HIGGINS, to Miss JULIAN MOREHOUSE, daughter of Joseph Morehouse, Esq. all of that place.

Died,

Suddenly on the 25th instant, Mrs. LOUISA RICH, consort of Mr. Lewis Rich, in this city, in the 30th year of her age.



POETRY.

FROM THE FREE PRESS.

IMPROPTU,

ON THE AUTHOR'S BEING ASKED
"WHAT IS LIFE?"

'Tis a revel—'tis a fair;
'Tis a bubble burst in air;
'Tis a whirlwind—'tis a storm,
Where succeeds no peaceful calm;
'Tis a scene where care and noise
More than balance all its joys.

'Tis a sea on which we sail,
Elate with ev'ry fav'ring gale,
Till with dire, tremendous shock,
Our bark is dash'd upon a rock!
Now the foaming billows roll,
Despair and anguish seize the soul;
Awhile she strives 'gainst wind and wave,
Then downward sinks into the grave!

'Tis a rapid, winding stream;
'Tis a vapour—'tis a dream;
'Tis a dewdrop—'tis a flower;
'Tis a short and troubled hour;
'Tis a *something* which to me,
Has been replete with misery.

'Tis a day which God has given,
To purify the soul for heaven;
This cheers the Christian thro' its gloom,
And points his hopes beyond the tomb.

H.

TIME.

I saw him hast'ning on his way,
And mark'd his rapid flight,
Where'er he mov'd, there stern decay
Spread its destructive blight.
Rapid the gloomy phantom hied,
Envoy'd in the storm—
His eye shone out in sullen pride,
And fearful was his form.

I saw him grasp the Warrior's wreath,
Won in the gory fray—
The laurel withering sunk in death,
Its beauty fled away;
That wreath was stained with bloody dew,
Unhallowed was its bloom—
It met the phantom's chilling view,
And bow'd beneath its gloom.

I saw him pass by Beauty's bower,
And listen to her lay;
Around the spot was many a flower
Blooming its summer day;
With icy heart the spectre came,
Her lovely form compress'd;
She met his lurid eye of flame—
The tomb-stone tells the rest.

On Youth's warm brow his hand he prest,
'Twas cold as mouldering clay—
He laid his hand on Manhood's breast,
The life-pulse ceased to play.
His fell siroc o'er Nature pass'd,
And low she droop'd her head—
Her blossoms withered in the blast,
And all her verdure fled.

TO THE MOUNTAIN AWAY.

The warrior come down from his tent on the hill,
To woo in the vale of Cashmere:
"Ah! nay," cried the maid with forebodings of ill,
And she shrunk from loves proffer in fear.
But the young mountaineer would not be denied,
He scoff'd at her tremulous "Nay;"
And clasping the maid, spurr'd his courser and cried,
Away to the mountain away!

Her home on the mountain was stormy and wild,
Unlike the hush'd bowers of Cashmere;
Yet the fair, when she gaz'd on her wedded-one smil'd,
And love planted Paradise there.
Past wrongs, if recall'd, were but nam'd as a jest,
From a cloud e'en as dawneth the day,
And the warrior's word, by remembrance were blest
"Away to the mountain, away!"

STANZAS FROM THE PERSIAN.

Fair one! take this rose, and wreath it

In thy braided hair:

A brighter bloom will rest beneath it,

Take this rose, my fair!

The flower, which late was seen to glow,

So lovely on that snowy brow,

Lov'd thy lip, and lightly shed

A dewy leaf of rosy red,

To blush for ever there.

Take thy lily, love, and twine it

With thy waving hair:

'Twill gem the ringlets—why decline it?

Take the flower, my fair!

And yet its leaflets, pure and pale,

In beauty, on thy brow will fail:

That brow attracts all eyes to thee,

And none will choose or chance to see

The lily fading there!

ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to PUZZLES in our last.

Puzzle I.—Because it turns night into day.

Puzzle II.—Because it must be ground before it can be used.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is an old coat like swearing?

II.

Why is a Bachelor, like an *old Almanac*?

III.

Why is a handsome Woman, like a *Patent Printing Press*?

IV.

In public I seldom appear,

Yet ever am found in the grave

When clamor has ceased, I draw near,

When present its riot I leave.

If mentioned, my charm you will break,

No longer you keep my decree;

With speed I your presence forsake,

To others more mute! then flee.

WANTED

At this Office a boy from 14 to 15 years old, as an apprentice to the printing business. One from the country would be preferred.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

Is printed and published every other Saturday, at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson.